

THE NEW-YORK LITERARY GAZETTE.

AND

Phi Beta Kappa Repository.

FIDE AC FIDUCIA.

No. 4.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 1, 1825.

VOL. I.

LITERARY.

UNPALATABLE RECOLLECTIONS,

Selected from the
private Memoranda of a distinguished Epicure.

AFTER completing an education, the course of which excited uniform disgust, and progressively increasing hatred, the timely death of my uncle put me in possession of an ample fortune. At the age of twenty-two I became my own master, and was said to have very respectable connections and valuable friends—all of whom kindly interfered with their advice and experience of life to direct my mind to proper pursuits, in order, as they professed, to render me a distinguished ornament to society. My relations, who were esteemed to be very pious people, strongly urged me to marry, as an infallible mode of salvation from the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful et ceteras consequent on a single life; but as my father and mother had lived on very indifferent terms, and it was generally supposed that their lives had been curtailed by their incessant disagreements and mutual endeavours to destroy each other's happiness, I had no particular or immediate desire to be playing this game over again. The more I reflected on the duties of the conjugal state, the less inclination I felt to embark on that dangerous element. To female beauty I was not insensible; and many of the young ladies who were pointed out as eligible partners, certainly possessed the exterior mien of angels. While they were angling for me, their tempers were serenely complacent, and they appeared to wear a perpetual smile; indeed, I became so fascinated with their animated conversation, elegant deportment, and pure ethics, that the memorable example of my honoured parents had almost faded from my recollection. It is a fortunate circumstance that there are touchstones for temper, without actually employing the balance, which is a delicate metaphor for being married. One evening I happened to be present when these angelic forms had been seated at

a round table at a party of *loo*: at the commencement, an anxious solicitude was depicted in their sweet countenances; the bewitching smile suddenly vanished, and they seemed as deeply interested as Jews concluding a bargain. Fortune frowned on two of the most beautiful; every time they were loo'd, their bright eyes flashed indignation, disappointment, and malignity. In sighs they whispered curses on Pam, who never came within their grasp. As often as they consulted the oracle of the pocket for a fresh supply, their ivory teeth were displayed by a snarl—the upper lip curled, and the lower was bitten: and when they sat down to supper, a fiend-like scowl and leer of suspicion obscured the radiance of their charms. When I retired, with my friend Tickle, I said, "Bob, they are all alike; and I am convinced that a trifle will convert an angel into a fury." In consequence of this important discovery, my matrimonial speculations were adjourned sine die.

Some disinterested friends, who had a seat to dispose of, earnestly advised me to be in Parliament: they said "it was the honourable and dignified occupation of a gentleman of fortune; the country wanted men of independent principles to stand forward; Parliament was the school of eloquence, and the high road to fame and distinction." This proposition I settled off-hand, by immediately applying the extinguisher. I told them that I never could be prevailed on to go into the gallery, much less into the body of the house—I had nothing to say on the subjects discussed in that assembly—I hated squabbling, which some people call argument—I never wrote letters, and therefore did not want franks—if invited to dinner, I felt a serious objection to attend a call of the house, and still greater aversion to be appointed on a committee, to volunteer my opinion on matters beyond the range of my comprehension. Perhaps there is only one subject on which I could have voted with a clear conscience, and that is against the Bill for General Education; for I always detested school, and whenever I am ill, constantly dream of learning a lesson. My relatives and friends, finding that I had a will

of my own, gave me up as a lost young man; and to manifest their zeal for my welfare, scandalized me in every direction. For this dereliction and calumny they will always be entitled to my grateful acknowledgments; for I think I have discovered that new acquaintance are preferable to old friends, and strangers more to be depended on than relations.

Divers authors have maintained, that every person has a ruling passion—a propensity, either from sudden impression or constitutional organization, to some particular object.—The acuteness of my palate and vigour of digestion, disposed me to conceive that I should excel in the fraternal sciences of eating and drinking, and I entertained no doubt that my sapid organs would be considerably improved by frequent exercise. Taste has various departments—painting, architecture, sculpture, &c. but—

“The proper study of mankind is *Food*”

Solemnly impressed that my office in this world was to invent new dishes, and devour them, I collected all the culinary writers, from the time of Caxton down to the last edition of Monsieur Ude, of modern celebrity. At starting, as science proceeds by gradual advances, I frequented the better sort of coffee-houses and taverns, to initiate myself in the correct nomenclature of different dishes, and to judge of their skilful preparation; these, to be sure, are proper schools for a beginner, *ingredere ut proficias*; but I soon discovered that these victuallers, on account of their numerous visitors who are disposed to eat much and pay little, could not afford to furnish the most costly and exquisite entrees. Sometimes I found that the same turkey had been twice subjected to the spit;—a sole, that had been boiled the day before, underwent the operation of frying on the following;—cold meat appeared as a hot pie, with many other curious and ingenious devices.—Then the wine was so adulterated, compelled, like a melancholic patient, to look old before its time, and fitted like a pauper with a ready-made coat, perceptibly impregnated with bad brandy, and tasting of every thing but the grape;—that in about six months I sickened, and no longer frequented these tasteless and inhospitable retreats for the hungry.

Next I became a member of a fashionable dinner-club, managed by a superintending committee who purchased their own wine, and engaged a culinary artist of established reputation. This club was a diversified assemblage, consisting of some sprigs of nobility, and a few old standards; several members of parliament, who became very troublesome by repeating the trash that had been uttered in the house, and

were, besides, always attempting to reform the club; but this was less offensive to me than others, as I make it a rule never to attend to conversation, excepting it relate to improvements in cookery; the remainder of our club was composed of a few hungry and querulous lawyers, and two or three doctors, who had increased the means of gratifying their own appetites by destroying the digestive faculties of their patients. There is nothing permanent in this world—therefore in about two years the club dwindled away: a set of rascally economists complained of expenses; the cook, a very honest man and skilful professor, was accused of speculation by the reformers, and turned adrift for modestly demonstrating that he could not make turtle out of tripe, nor convert sprats into red mullet. Several of the members moved off without paying up their arrears. The managing committee disposed of the premises, plate, furniture, and wines, and pocketed the money;—and thus the club was dissolved.

At this time it is highly important to mention, that I had gained four stone and eleven pounds, horseman's weight—

“Methought I heard a voice cry, *eat no more*.”

The breaking up of our club, like the dissolution of the monasteries, introduced a new order of things: my appetite was still voracious, and I panted for wine—also, on the slightest motion, for breath, from a voluminous accession of fat. The amateurs of good cheer were indeed dispersed, but sufficient were to be collected to coalesce by mutual attraction into a select body. What was to be done? Although my constitution was impaired, my fortune had accumulated; and this increase of wealth had arisen from my own rigid economy in every article that did not interfere with the gratification of my appetite. I had no amiable weakness in relieving the distressed; their miseries were doubtless extreme, and felt acutely by themselves—but they could not interest me. I possessed no library, excepting cookery books;—no equipage; on a rainy day, a hackney chariot set me down where I dined; and, when fine, I waddled to the repast.

Having become quite corpulent, the ladies did not admire me; and, in return, I did not notice them. Much of my time, at my lodgings, was consumed in ruminating on the good things I had enjoyed—in reflecting on dainties that I could swallow, and in sleep. Suddenly a thought traversed my brain, that I should be rendered supremely happy by commencing *Amphitryon*: this project was immediately adopted. I took an elegant house, purchased a stock of the oldest and most delicious wines, and hired a culinary at an enormous salary; and I felt that my taste was appreciated—references had fre-

quently been made to my decision, from which no one had ever ventured to appeal. My acquaintance was genteel, for I had taken especial care to exfoliate all shabby people, who are burthened with necessities. Twice a week my friends were invited in rotation, for as I am wholly insensible to wit, detest music, and never listen to or join in conversation, I made no selection on account of intellectual superiority or companionable qualifications; indeed several of my best friends are deaf, and that is a great advantage in society. The meetings at my house are decorous and silent; we exchange the civilities of drinking to each other at dinner, not by wasting breath to inquire if Mr. G. would do me the honour to take wine, which is extremely vulgar, but by grasping the decanter and looking round: any person feeling a similar inclination does the same; a partner is never wanting—there is a nod, and it is over. As we say nothing, our conversation cannot be retailled or criticised by the servants in the kitchen;—no man, convulsed by a smart repartee, bolts out a mouthful of soup, partly on the table-cloth, and considerably in the face of his opposite friend.—Thus we propagate no scandal, tell no lies, pay no compliments, except by the urbanity of gesture, nor palm stale jokes as a new coinage; and every man becomes wiser by his own reflections. At my table, no one can be supposed to talk himself drunk; if he really becomes so, and this often occurs, it is the genuine effect of the best wine. When we sit down to our repast, I never speak to a servant—a footman is unfit for his situation who cannot anticipate his master's wishes and the requisitions of his guests.

Perhaps one of the most gratifying scenes in nature, far beyond any thing hitherto conveyed by landscape or historical painting, is to behold my guests in silence sip their wine. As the glass is held up, the eye and the orient liquor reciprocally sparkle; its bouquet expands the nostril, elevates the eye-brow to admiration, and composes the lips to a smile. When its crystal receptacle, which is as thin as Indian paper, (for observe to use a thick wine-glass is to drink with a gag in your mouth,) touches the lips, they become compressed, to allow the thinnest possible stream to enter, that its flavour may be thoroughly ascertained, and that successive perceptions of palatable gratification may terminate in the gulp of ecstasy. Language has no adequate terms for the conveyance of our simple sensations or pleasurable feelings: at my table, and with my wine, it is unnecessary—each countenance speaks volumes. Thus we continue passing the bottle, till each guest is satisfied, which is known when he rises—bows and retires. There are some whirligig peo-

ple, who dine at one house, drop in at others afterwards; go to the opera, half-play, or some silly conversazione: my company scorn such a jumble:—indeed, when they do retire, they are not in a condition to go elsewhere. Like myself, the frequenters of my table are all single gentlemen, or widowers who are not inconsolable: as soon as the marriage of a guest is announced, he is immediately scratched off the list of *Invisibles*. I am not the person to incur the reproach of parting man and wife—no, let him dine with his darling; and in the music of her amiable garrulity, let him sigh for the silence that prevails at my table.

My dinner is distinguished by the intrinsic excellence of a few choice articles, prepared with consummate skill on the genuine principles of culinary science, and served quite hot in regular succession. Two tureens of exquisite soup open the procession! When these are removed, two dishes of fish succeed, according to their season. All my fish is crimped, to evince its freshness; crimping may be termed the record of enduring vitality, and I possess a secret of giving time and vigour to the ultimate contraction of the fibres, not at present to be divulged.

“Quod latet arcana, non enarrabile fibra”—*Persius*.

To enumerate the next order of dishes is impossible; they consist of a tasteful selection of every thing that is delicious in the range of the animal and vegetable kingdoms—dressed by the best, that is, by my own cook:—

“No further seek his merits to disclose.”

Finally, the gossamer froths of cream, *vol au vent*, &c.

“Come like shadows, so depart”

To view the ordinary arrangements of a modern dinner is a “sorry sight,”—a dozen articles placed at once on the table;—then, on the removal of the covers, comes the ferocious onset;—some tremulous paralytic serving the soup, and scattering it in all directions, excepting into the plate where it ought to be delivered:—then an unhandy dandy mutilates the fish, by cutting it in the wrong direction:—here an officious ignoramus tears asunder the members of a fowl, as coarsely as the four horses dragged Ravillac limb from limb; there another simpleton notching a tongue into dissimilar slices, while a purblind coxcomb confounds the sauces, pouring anchovy on pigeon-pie, and parsley and butter on roast beef. All these barbarians are unknown at my table.

My hour of dining is very uncertain: during the summer I never feed till the sun has sunk below the horizon, as it is both brutal and unwholesome to fill the stomach during the time this luminary is in full blaze. Nothing worth eating can be digested during

an intensity of heat and flow of perspiration. A man that dines at two o'clock in July, should eat nothing but cos-lettuce, strawberries, or gooseberry-fool.

I control climate in the dog-days; every body does it in winter by a rousing fire;—in hot weather my dining-room is artificially cooled. Twelve large copper vases, painted to resemble china, are placed in the apartment, filled with ice and salt. By this admirable contrivance, when the temperature is at 82, I can sink the thermometer down to 50. Many persons who have dined with me at these arctic meetings, for the first time, have exclaimed, "What a prodigious change in the weather! We shall have but a short summer."—Some have taken a bumper of brandy to keep the blood in circulation; and one gentleman whispered my servant to bring his great coat.

I am fully aware that the pleasures of the table cannot be indulged, without some hazard to the constitution; it is therefore the business of my serious reflections to counteract the invasions of disease, and provide timely remedies for its attack. Yet with all these salutary precautions, I have been an occasional sufferer:—I have experienced three apoplectic seizures; my right foot is a mass of chalk-stones, and I have been twice tapped for the dropsy.

THE PONS ASINORUM.

"The reputation of a man depends upon the steps he takes in his early life."—*Pope*

THERE is a sort of middle stage in every one's life, (that is, if he lives to seventy,) a sticking place,

— like the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines," —

at which one feels by certain signs that he cannot exactly be called, that is, that all people do not agree in calling him, young, and that he cannot permit himself to be denominated old. This point has been often varied: those who are not twenty declaring it to be twenty-five, or at farthest forty;—but no sooner have they reached the last-mentioned age, than they insist that they feel quite as young as they did at twenty-four, and agree that when indeed they are ten or twenty years older, they may begin to think of an easy chair, a Regent's rest, an extra bottle of port, and the et cetera of a middle-aged man. My exact age is—at least I am generally understood to be—in short, I have been thirty for the last twenty years, according to the bon mot of Cicero, (vid. Quin. lib. vii. ch. 2) and notwithstanding it is asserted that my ringlets have withstood the sheers of time too long to be my own, and a young rogue of a nephew declares he recollects laughing twenty years

ago at my yellow teeth, which are now as white as a chimney sweeper's; yet if he saw me in my green surtout and black cravat, I am persuaded that I should be taken for something under forty. But I have griefs to unfold,—“fatal to hear, and fatal in telling,”—so let me not pause.

A man in my situation of life is nothing, unless he sports a toe and shakes in a bravura: consequently I am indifferently good in “Love's Young Dream,” and “The Trumpet of Victory;” and though my voice is somewhat tremulous in the higher notes, I am in the base decidedly effective. I also dance, and am proud to say, that many ladies have preferred me to a younger partner—no wonder! *very* young men dance so languidly now-a-days. Well, I was considered an adept; “I didn't value your cross over two couple, figure in, right and left,” as Aeres says; no! I threaded the mysteries of swing corners, and capered round in a pousette, to the admiration of the whole room. Waltzing was introduced—can a man of between thirty and fifty shine in a waltz? But I had excellent excuses: “Extremely indelicate! no sister or wife of mine should waltz—it did well enough on the continent: I had waltzed at Gottingen; but it would not do in England!” This, though it displeased all the young ladies of fifteen, gave infinite pleasure to all the ladies who were double fifteen. But—quadrilles, (nomen quantas tragedias excitat!) were brought into England, and they spread like a typhus fever. Infants in leading strings were taught the steps; schoolboys were connoisseurs; older young ladies and gentlemen could think of nothing but quadrille clubs and practising parties; and my ancient subjects, the spinsters of thirty, rebelled; girls of forty ambled in a side couple; babes of fifty sidled in a trenise. I was now come to the Rubicon; I must either sink into an old man, for whom, if he danced at all, a country-dance would be got up at the end of the night; one who must catch at a place in a rubber, or jump at a hand at two penny loo in the parlour, when the young folks were dancing up stairs, or—I must learn quadrilles. I chose the latter, and went to M. Pas-bas.

It was not long before a “request the honour of Mr. B.'s company to a small quadrille party,” was laid on my table. I tied on my starched cravat with peculiar care, and as I fastened my knee buckles, and practised a pas-seul, I felt an exultation that nothing before had given me, I thought at least with Napoleon, “La balle qui me tuera, portera mon nom.” Imagine my having paid coachy, announcing, and making my bow to the lady of the house. I cast a timorous glance to the fair partners of the evening, who, as usual, sat giggling together.

er on one side of the room; not one did I know—not one to whom I could say, that “I hoped she’d excuse me if I blundered.”

Mrs T. soon came up to me: “You don’t dance quadrilles, I suppose, Mr. B.,” said she, “we shall get up a country-dance.” I assured her that I did walk through them. “O! I beg your pardon then,” answered the lady, with something of a smile, “Come with me, Sir, and I’ll introduce you—Miss S.” leading me into the very middle of the ring, “allow me to present you a partner, Mr. B.” I bowed, ventured some commonplace compliment, which was not audible, and retired amidst the titters of the circle. Some peculiarly harsh sounds now told me that the music was going to begin.—“Gentlemen, take your partners,” echoed from all parts of the room; and I hastened to give my partner my arm. Time was when it was only the hand. She took it even without looking at me. “Where would you like to stand, Ma’am?” said I. “Here, Sir!” said the lady, placing herself at the top of the quadrille. “If you please,” cried I, with some hesitation, “not being quite—as yet—a proficient, providing you had no objection, I would rather stand”—“Sir,” replied the fair one, “I never stand at the side.” During these words, the first part of the tune, according to custom, and without my attending to it, was played over, and at the first bar of the second, out I stepped; my partner frowned. “Not you, yet Sir.” I obeyed, although I was sure I was right, and she was turned by the opposite gentleman. I declared “I never danced it so.” “Avancez!” cried the side couples. I stuck in my place. “The devil! it’s lady’s chain,” said I. “No, no, ballancez to the corner lady—tour de mains!—You’re wrong, Sir! Avancez! Turn! Ballancez!” I did neither, and the figure had now finished. I turned to the lady, who did not look very kind: “Why, Madam!” I exclaimed, “I never danced a quadrille in this way. At Monsieur Pas-bas’s”—the lady stared. “Perhaps,” said she, “you may not know, Sir, that we are dancing ‘the Lancers.’” “The what, Madam?” cried I, in a voice of terror; “The Lancers.” I then recollect ed that I had only learned the first set; and the compassionate reader may have a faint idea of my situation. I was standing in the first set, with the first dancer in the room; all eyes were upon me, and I was to dance from figures of which I had never heard before!—All the people of my own standing seemed peculiarly to enjoy the joke. Lodoiska was now played—it thrilled through my brain—my partner dragged me forward; a thousand voices shouted out and endeavoured to put me right, and only caused me to stray the more. “Ballancez—eight bars—now turn your partner—fall into two

lines—avancez.” In vain: I went wrong myself and put every body else wrong; I cut twice in the air when I should have remained in my place: I stood there like a mountain when I should have advanced—every thing seemed to swim before me—I could bear it no longer—I made my way to the door, ran down stairs, flew home in spite of rain and mud, and am resolved never again to attempt a quadrille:

— et, saltu in contraria facto
Colla jugo executiunt, abrupta lora que relinquunt.

CRITICISM.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

MR. SHELLEY was one of those unfortunate beings in whom the imagination had been exalted and developed at the expense of the reasoning faculty; and with the confidence, or presumption, of talent, he was perpetually obtruding upon that public whose applause he still courted, the startling principles of his religious and political creed. He naturally encountered the fate which even the highest talent cannot avert, when it sets itself systematically in array against opinions which men have been taught to believe and to venerate, and principles with which the majority of mankind are persuaded the safety of society is connected. He was denounced as a poetical *enfant perdu* by the Quarterly, and passed over in silence by other periodical works, which, while they were loth to censure, felt that they could not dare to praise. Whether abuse of this nature may not engender, or, at all events, increase the evil it professes to cure; and whether in the case of Shelley, as in that of another great spirit of the age, his contemporary and his friend, this contempt for received opinions, at first affected, may not have been rooted and made real by the virulence with which it was assailed, is a question which it is difficult to answer. But now, when death, the great calmer of men’s minds, has removed from this scene of critical warfare its unfortunate subject,—when we can turn to the passages of pure and exquisite beauty, which brighten even the darkest and wildest of his poetical wanderings, with that impartiality which it was vain to expect while the author lived, and wrote, and raved, and reviled,—what mind of genius or poetical feeling would not wish that his errors should be buried with him in the bosom of the Mediterranean, and lament that a mind so fruitful of good as well as of evil, should have been taken from us, before its fire had been tempered by experience, and its troubled but majestic elements had subsided into calmness?

We doubt not that Mr. Shelley, like many other speculative reformers and species, ventured in theory to hazard opinions which

in his life he contradicted. His domestic habits seem to have been as different as possible from those which, in the dreams of a distempered fancy, he has sometimes dwelt upon with an alarming frequency and freedom; as if the force of nature and early associations had asserted their paramount sway, in the midst of his acquired feelings, and compelled him, while surrounded by those scenes, and in the presence of those beings among whom their pure impulses are most strongly felt, to pay homage to their power.

His perfection of poetical expression will always give to Shelley an original and distinct character among the poets of the age; and in this, we have little hesitation in saying, that we consider him decidedly superior to them all. Every word he uses, even though the idea he labours to express be vague, or exaggerated, or unnatural, is intensely poetical. In no writer of the age is the distinction between poetry and prose so strongly marked: deprive his verses of the rhymes, and still the exquisite beauty of the language, the harmony of the pauses, the arrangement of the sentences, is perceptible. This is in itself a talent of no ordinary kind, perfectly separate in its nature, though generally found united with that vigour of imagination which is essential to a great poet, and in Mr. Shelley it overshadows even his powers of conception, which are unquestionably very great. It is by no means improbable, however, that this extreme anxiety to embody his ideas in language of a lofty and uncommon cast, may have contributed to that which is undoubtedly the besetting sin of his poetry, its extreme vagueness and obscurity, and its tendency to allegory and personification.

Hence it is in the vague, unearthly, and mysterious, that the peculiar power of his mind is displayed. Like the Goule in the Arabian Tales, he leaves the ordinary food of men, to banquet among the dead, and revels with a melancholy delight in the gloom of a churchyard and the cemetery. He is in poetry what Sir Thomas Browne is in prose, perpetually hovering on the confines of the grave, prying with a terrible curiosity into the secrets of mortality, and speculating with painful earnestness on every thing that disgusts or appalls mankind.

But when, abandoning these darker themes, he yields himself to the description of the softer emotions of the heart, and the more smiling scenes of Nature, we know no poet who has felt more intensely, or described with more glowing colours the enthusiasm of love and liberty, or the varied aspects of Nature. His descriptions have a force and clearness of painting which are quite admirable; and his imagery, which he accumulates and pours forth with the prodigality

of genius, is, in general, equally appropriate and original.

FRANCESCA OF RIMINI.

Dante—Inferno, Canto V.

“Io comenciai Poeta, volentieri.”

“Poet,” I said, “with that unhappy pair,
I fain would speak, who move together there,
And seem so light upon the wind to fly.”
He answer’d, “When the blast shall bring them nigh,
Call on them by their loves, and they shall hear.”
Soon as that rolling whirlwind bore them near,
I rais’d my voice: “Unhappy souls,” I cried,
“Come speak with us, if speech be not denied.”
As doves that seek their nests with parent care,
On fluttering pinions speed them through the air,
So from that band of spirits did they fly,
Cleaving their course along the sullen sky,
So powerful was the spell of that all-piteous cry.
“O spirit kind and gentle!” one did say,
That through this darksome air pursued thy way,
‘Midst those who with their blood the earth have
stain’d,—
Oh! were the Ruler of the skies our friend,
To Heaven, through thee, our tears and prayers
should flow.
For thou canst see, and, seeing, weep our woe:
Speak as thou wilt, and say what wouldst thou hear;
And we will speak to thee, or lend an ear;
Now while the roar of this infernal blast
Sinks for a space in silence at the last.
My home of youth was by the ocean side,
Fast by the spot where Po’s descending tide
Seeks, with its tributary rills, the sea
Love, who in gentle hearts delights to be,
Fired with his subtle flame my Guido’s mind,
For that fair frame of flesh I left behind—
Love, who demands from all his gentle train
That he who loves shall be belov’d again,
Woke in my heart that lasting fire, whose bloom
Lives after death, and triumphs o’er the tomb—
Love join’d us in one hopeless death, but hell
Awaits him by whose guilty hand we fell.”

The spirit ended, and as ceas’d the sound,
I bent my looks in sorrow to the ground,
Till, at the last, my guide and master* cried,
“What thinkst thou?” “O Poet!” I replied,
“What thoughts too sweet, what warm desires, alas!
Have brought these lovers to this mournful pass?
Thy woes with tears, Francesca, fill mine eyes,
But, in the season of thy secret sighs,
What first reveal’d the mutual feeling? say,
How burst the smother’d passion into day?”
“No greater grief there is,” she answer’d me,
“Than, in the depth of present misery,
To think of what hath been—no more to be;
But if thy friendly bosom long to know
The source of all my pleasure, all my woe,
I will unfold the story to thine ears,
And pour my tale of sorrow through my tears.
One day, to wile the weary hour, we read
How Lancelot was by love o’ermastered,
Alone we sat, suspicionless, apart;
And as we read, the rushing blood would start
Into our cheeks—we heard the beating of the heart;
But when we read how such a lover there
Prest his first kiss upon a lip so fair,
Then he whom nothing from my side shall sever,
Bound to my fate for ever and for ever,
Was vanquish’d at the last, and trembling o’er,
He kiss’d my lip, that day we read no more.”

She ceas'd; but as she told the mournful tale
So loud that other spirit pour'd his wail,
That at the piteous sight my senses fled;
I swoon'd, and sunk, and fell as falls the dead.

FOR THE
NEW-YORK LITERARY GAZETTE.

TALES FROM CROSSBASKET.

By Francis Topic.

HENRY BIRKENSHAW.

[Concluded.]

HENRY BIRKENSHAW never married—he lived many a year after his parting with Isabel, but he never saw her more: he might have seen her often, for he was asked to her house by her guardians, but there was a fine sense of feeling inherent in him—he was refused, and cruelly; it stung him mortally, and touched the cords which never forgot. Every word and action, when Isabel was named, plainly showed he never ceased to love her; and when he spoke of her, and even of his injurer, it was with respect. His look was changed, and a melancholy spread over his countenance, from which he never recovered.

Isabel married shortly after. Such is woman's heart!—but she was not happy. Her husband expected money by her, but being disappointed, treated her ill and neglected her so much, that her heart could not support it: she outlived Henry, at her death was childless, and without the hand of affection to close her eyes.

The injurer met an untimely fate; in a very few years after, losses on losses ruined him, and one morning he was found in his chamber—lifeless.

Such is my brief conclusion: I delight to look over the days of my youth, they appear bright and sunny, like a pleasant summer-day, at the close of which we look back and sigh that it is gone.

Till this moment I have never told the tale; and in narrating it now I conceive I do no injustice to my friend, for he and they are gone! Yes, all who could trace an identity here, are gone too! many to the tomb, some scattered every where like leaves in autumn—and I, what am I? I have led a frigid bachelor's life, childless, and now friendless, save only for a few who fawn around to obtain the little I may leave. Yes, I may in the bitterness of my single life exclaim, as did Logan, "Not a drop of my blood flows in the veins of any living creature."

"The old proverb says grief is thirsty," cried Rowardson: "I will drink a puncheon before I am quenched of such a mournful tale.

"I swear it is a shame and a disgrace to wrong the sex," said Mr. Pomosity. "I

never knew a story of a faithful one told by an old Bachelor yet: they seem to have as much antipathy to females as cats have to water, and still cannot do without them."

"It is a scandal upon the sex," said I, "to harp upon such stories."

"I vote he be put in Coventry," subjoined Mr. Pomosity.

"Any where, so that counsel will be retained," said the mender of peace.

"Gentlemen," said the narrator, "I am sorry my tale has met your displeasure: the next time my turn comes, I will endeavour to recollect or fabricate."

"Stay," interrupted the godly guest, "Statira died with a lie in her mouth, Job's wife was turned to a pillar of salt, and Peter repented all his life that he denied his Master. I do not fabricate, nor lie neither in jest nor in earnest; neither for godly nor ungodly purposes."

"Well, I will tell a story," continued Mr. G. "which will please you all if it is possible for a bachelor to please any body."

"Did you hear the young lady's account of the story?" asked Mr. Rowardson.

"No."

"I dare swear, if all were known, Isabel had a very good reason for what she did. Capricious as ladies are, none would ever act like this girl without some good cause. There are always two ways of telling a story, take my word for't?"

"I knew my friend well."

"And I know ladies excellently well."

"As I can swear," said P.

"Swear not at all," quoted our parson.

"A truce to this," said I, "we tell not our tales to be criticised; we hunt for amusement; it is not therefore fair to be so severe—but a truce o' this, who will tell the next? You, Mr. Auldlochtan, have spoken least, therefore have the most breath, so I beg you to commence."

"No lawyer's long preamble—verbose as a dictionary—recollect to the point at once," said the author of H. Birkenshaw.

"No lawyer story—I do not like law," said the minister.

"Gentlemen, said the guest, I will take the example of Mr. G. and avoid all prologue: the tale I shall tell came partly under my own observation, and I have part of it from undoubted good authority, so you may rely upon it as true. I am a married man, and choose to speak of women as they deserve: you will see how the female heart can love, how faithful it can be, for woman's love is true as heaven."

The minister opened his mouth, as if he asked to make some observation, but before he could speak, Mr. Auldlochtan proceeded in the following tale of —

For the New York Literary Gazette.

TO A FROWN.

Inscribed to Miss Josephine W. * * * *

Whence hast thou come, thou evil one,
Why sit'st thou wildly threatening there,
Why hast thou chos'n a form so fair
To fix thy seal upon?
Go 'g et thee hence; no claim hast thou
To revel on that angel brow!

Go! get thee hence, and herd among
The dark and dreadful shapes below—
Spirits of wretchedness and woe,
From whence thy being sprung—
Hence! and thy cursed stamp remove
From that blest seat of heaven and love!

A moment past: and where thou art,
Beamed with a radiance bright and glad
With smiles, in rosy vestments clad,
Fresh from the joyous heart—
But now, thy fierce, deformed impress
Hath murdered all that loveliness!

Thou glar'st on me, and yet thou hast
No cause to fix thy malice here;
Nor would I all thy fierceness fear
If on another's brow thou wast—
But there—I cannot fearless gaze
When eyes like those so madly blaze.

I fear to brave that lip's disdain
In beauty's lustre doubly dread—
Would my life's blood were rather shed
Than I should meet its scorn again.
Then get thee hence, dark frown, for thou
Art anger's deadliest agent now.

And art thou gone? then speed thee well,
And join with thy unholy kin—
Offspring of bitterness and sin,
Speed to thy native hell:
Nor dare again that face to shade,
Which heaven for smiling only made! C. T. R.

THE ESSAYIST.

▲ PHILLIPPIC AGAINST MY OWN NOSE.

WE are told by physiologists that the brain may be affected by means of the nose, and that the sympathetic connexion between the two is very great. The truth of this position is unalterably established in my mind by sad experience—the greatest shocks my brain ever received have originated in my nose. Yet before I give vent to my spleen against this advance guard of the face, let me accredit to it the few good qualities it possesses—let me be just in my enmity, if I cannot be generous.

Reader, if you are any thing of a physiognomist you must often have reflected on the singular position of the nose with regard to the other features of the human face. Occupying the centre, flanked on each side by the eyes, supported by the mouth, and surmounted by the forehead, it stands like a

general's *marquee* amidst the more humble *tabernacula* of an encampment. Yet this very commanding situation on which it has so ambitiously seized, exposes it to manifold dangers, such as always attend conspicuous objects. It protects; but like all protectors, it is left to fight its own battles, unaided and unsupported; and to its credit be it spoken, it has seldom or never been known to shrink from assault. Does any thing menace the eyes? In an instant, down go those portcullises the eye-lids, the lashes forming a chevaux de frise, the brows a mound of defence and secure within their fortifications, the cravens rest till the danger is over. Not so the nose—it stands forth valiantly, whether hostility come in the form of a furious pugilistic fist, or the more insinuating and "questionable shape" of a thumb and fore-finger approximating each other. Nor is its self-possession less admirable. If the eyes are injured, they flash with rage, or float in sorrow—if the cheeks are slapped, they burn with indignation or with shame, they cannot restrain their feelings—they have no command over their passions. How different is the behaviour of the nose—pull it, it does not blush—twist it, does it heed the insult? no; while the cheek is glowing, the eye lightening, and the lip quivering, midst all this war of the passions, there it stands calm and serene and unmoved, like Neptune in the first book of Virgil when he raises "summa placidum caput unda," and lectures Eurus, and Zephyrus for their disorderly behaviour. This Socratic patience, this Zeno-like fortitude, this supra-Roman firmness, may well claim unqualified admiration; these are the attributes of greatness, and they all belong to this emblem of constancy the nose, which, like Tom Moore's description of true love, is ever

“the same,
Through joy and through sorrow, through glory and
shame.”

But enough of this; although a folio volume might be written on this "fit theme for speculation." Let me hasten to relate the story of my sufferings, of the funereal influence which my nose has exercised over my own sad destiny. Although irredeemably wrecked myself, still I may serve as a warning to others; and my nose, though by no means of a fiery colour, may be a beacon by means of which danger may be avoided.

Firstly, let me attempt its portrait. My

nose is long and prominent,—like the eagle's beak,—like the far-famed Julius Cæsar's. It is not a nose of genius, nor of taste; but it is a sensible, commanding, and respectable nose, betokening the honourable man and the gentleman, such as you see on the phizzes of our old-fashioned gentry, where high and polished aristocracy lingers yet awhile. It is of that class of long noses which Pope evidently had in view in his description of man—

"He ne'er looks forward *further* than his nose."

It is like the nose of Solomon's sweetheart, which was as "the tower of Lebanon, looking towards Damascus," though I confess my inability to understand the latter part of the comparison.

Sneezing, courteous reader, consists in a violent and forcible expiration, during which the air, expelled with considerable rapidity, strikes against the tortuous nasal passages, and occasions a remarkable noise. This is strictly a physiological definition, and with this before your eyes, you will readily conceive that a nose formed like mine, must be pre-eminently *vociferous* when it indulges in the luxury of a sneeze. The sound of a small straight nose when under this operation, is gentle and mellifluous as the music of a German flute; but the air, when expelled through a long crooked labyrinthian nose like mine, has such a troublesome and devious journey, that when it at last extricates itself, it is with a loud and triumphant burst, like that of a Gothic trumpet. It is a startling sound, attended with a concussion that is in fact a miniature *earthquake*. Superadd to the natural obstructions which the air meets in passing through such a nose, the adventitious obstacles arising from a cold in the head, and then prepare yourself, gentle reader, to sympathize in my calamities.

Methinks I hear you ask in your impatience, "what are those calamities?" "Shepherd! wast ever" in *love*? If *not*, pray read no farther; curse my nose at a venture, and throw away this paper. *Love*, I know, is an affair of the heart, but in my case, it has been an affair of the nose, and "it will go near to be thought so shortly," as honest Dogberry says. Sneezing is not an act of volition; man, so far as his nose is concerned, is not a free agent. He can open and shut his mouth at pleasure, he can

close and unclose his eye-lids at will, but he cannot control his nose. He, who could restrain his own wild and impetuous passions, he who could govern multitudinous armies, he who could command the world, Napoleon himself, could not have gained the mastery over this independent and obstinate member of his face. If it chose to sneeze, sneeze it would, in despite of the hero of Lodi and the Pyramids.

Patient reader, be of good cheer, I am coming to the point presently. This long preface in which I have indulged, has been solely for the purpose of gaining spirits to recite a tale at which pride blushes, and memory laments. It is in sooth "a most lamentable comedy," or rather a comic tragedy, which went on pleasantly and properly enough through the four acts, but the catastrophe in the fifth was abominable.

In act the first, the curtain rises and exhibits me in love. Start not, thrice-vexed reader, in the apprehension that I am going to tell you the old story of sighs and tears, which every lover has told since Leander took the salt-water bath internally,

"On that night of stormy water,
When *Love* who sent forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter."

By no means—I leave this part of the picture to be finished by your own sympathetic fancy. Nor am I about to regale your ideas with an analytical description of the beauty who committed grand larceny on my heart. I shall not inform you whether her nose had the swelling grandeur of the Roman, or the exquisite outline of the Grecian; whether her forehead derived its chief expression from the development of the beautiful organs of ideality on the graver bumps of causality. I reserve my observations on this subject for Dr. Spurzheim, to whom I have promised a full craniological account of the head in question. Suffice it, that I assert without fear of contradiction, that my idol was like every man's idol, the most beautiful woman of all time, past, present, and to come. Compared with her, she, for whom the "soft triumvir" turned his eye from glory, Egypt's dark-browed and bewitching queen were but an "old apple woman," and the "*μητρὶς αριστερᾶς*," would never have quitted Sparta, and old Troy might still have been standing, had my Ella met the eye of the Dardan shepherd.

I will pass over the particulars of *how* I fell in love, and *why* I fell in love, and all the routine of attentions and politenesses by which I strove to render myself agreeable to Ella. For months I basked in the sunlight of her smile, before I could summon resolution to acquaint her with the wonderful secret that I loved her, a secret, by the by, which her quick perception had detected long before I was aware of its existence. It was in the charming season of autumn, when the languid smile of the declining year sheds a melancholy beauty upon earth, sea, and sky, and when the human heart, under the influence of the scene, is more than at any other time disposed to morality, to affection, and to virtue—it was in this calm even-tide of nature, that I resolved to declare my feelings to Ella, to make a sentimental speech, which should be quite irresistible, and to become “Benedick, the married man.” And now, reader, I come to the diabolical part which my nose acted in my affairs. I had caught a cold in my head from gazing at the autumnal moon (a lover, it is settled, must always make his complaints or whisper his hopes to the man in the moon) when I ought to have been sound asleep. A cold in the head renders one stupid, to relieve which, I procured a snuff-box, and thus armed and equipped, I set off to visit Ella, taking a pinch of “Lorillard’s best” at every step. Short-sighted mortal! little did I dream of what was to follow. I found her alone, in a pensive and contemplative mood—a light of pleasure radiated from her bright eyes when she beheld me, that boded well to my wooing. I seated myself beside her and gradually led the conversation into a sentimental channel. I talked much about myself, and darkly intimated that the colour of my coming days was about to be decided, that the brilliancy and the gloom of my destiny, my future weal, and future woe, were trembling in the as yet equipoised balance, and that *now* one of the scales must ascend. All this was understood, and I could plainly perceive that it was not ineffectual. Ella was affected by the earnestness of my tone and manner, and I fondly imagined that nothing was wanting to give confirmation to my hopes but an explicit avowal of my love. Reader, laugh if you can, when I acknowledge that “albeit unused to the melting mood,” my eyes were floating in tears. To

dry them I drew my handkerchief from the same pocket where my snuff-box was snugly reposing. The lid, by some unlucky mischance was loose, and a considerable portion of the pungent contents had fallen upon the handkerchief, which I applied to my face. Whoever has had snuff thrown in his optics, will readily condole with me. Instead of drying my eyes, this operation produced a copious flood of tears; a spectator would have imagined that I was making a general lamentation over all the sins of my whole life. However, tears were not malapropos to my situation at the time, and had the inconvenience ended there, it might have been tolerated: but some grains of the subtle weed, as if impressed with the belief that the eye was not their proper place of destination, took up their quarters in my nose, while Ella’s hand was trembling in mine, and the words of love were trembling on my tongue. I had, with some difficulty, ejaculated “Ella, I love”—when the diabolical snuff began to affect the pituitary membrane, and the pectoral muscles began to be convulsed. I strove manfully to prevent the catastrophe, but in vain; my breast heaved with convulsion—my head shook—my eyes became fixed and inflamed. Reader, could I have compounded for the event that I felt approaching by the rupture of a blood vessel, I solemnly aver that I would have done so with transport. Ella was alarmed at my excessive agitation, attributing it all to the power of passion; she looked upon me with deep interest, waiting to hear the ardent and energetic accents of devoted love, for which alas, my evil fate substituted the harsh, dissonant, unpoetical, and anti-romantic language of my nose! It was not a single sneeze—it was an interminable sneezing fit. At every successive shock, my frame was convulsed; and in the intervals, it shook with a species of St. Vitus’s dance. It was plain that the caco-demon of my life was lord of the ascendant, that the star of my nativity was about to be dimmed for ever, and that love and hope and sensibility

“The fair forms of happiness
That hovered round, intent to bless,”

were all about to spread the farewell wing. At last the storm subsided into a calm of exhaustion, and I prepared to resume the thread of my speech, which had been broken

in the most interesting part. Never was there a more striking illustration of the maxim that "it is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous." I raised my eyes to Ella's face—that too was convulsed, but alas! it was with suppressed laughter. Ella was well-bred, delicate, and generous in her feelings, but the whole scene had been so superlatively ludicrous, that the forlorn Niobe herself could not have witnessed it without an excitement of her risible faculties. I saw that it was all over with me, and my high-wrought hopes; and, starting from my seat, I made for the door. As I passed through it, the long suppressed laughter of Ella burst forth in a loud peal; which, to my ears, had all the horror of a death-knell. I rushed home, execrating snuff, snuff-makers and snuff-takers, and anathematizing my nose as the cause of my undoing.

Since that time I have often met Ella; but whenever I allude to the subject of love, her countenance assumes a peculiar and merry expression; and it is evident that the ludicrous association of her ideas, completely overturns all feelings of sensibility and romance.—I love her still, but unless I can get a bottle of Lethæan water, and with it drown her memory of that fatal scene, I shall die a bachelor. Thus has a circumstance, in itself of the most trivial nature, been productive of great and remediless evil, and thus has my nose been my bane. And now, considerate reader, if you cannot extract a moral from my story, I will do it in your behalf—never make love with a snuff-box in your pocket unless you are accustomed to the use of snuff, which if I ever touch again, may the first pinch choke and the second suffocate me.

The contemplative and enthusiastic spirit will relish the deep feeling which pervades these lines. We are ignorant of the author's name.

STANZAS.

There is a feeling in his heart,—
A feeling which it well might spare,—
That will not ruin and depart.
But ever dwells and rankles there;
Nor music, mirth, nor rosy wine,
Nor love, nor woman's smiles divine,
Nor sanctity of prayer;
Nor aught that holy man may say,
Can scare the ravening fiend away.

A sickness of the soul, the balm
Of hope can neither soothe nor slake:—

A serpent that no spell can charm,
With eyes eternally awake,
A glance of fire, a tongue of flame—
Which time can neither tire nor tame.
Nor music's voice disarm;—
A living sense of lasting wo,
That poisons every bliss below.

It was not always thus?—he danced
The earlier hours of life away,
And caught at joy where'er it chanced
To blossom on his lonely way,
Then hope was young, and bright and fair,
He knew no wo, nor wasting care,
But innocent gay,
Deem'd—reckless of the debt it owed—
"Twould always flow, as thus it flowed.

As childhood opened into youth,
Those feelings fled; he drank the springs
Of knowledge, and the source of truth,
(What the sage writes, the poet sings;
And read in nature's changing forms,—
The shifting shades of suns and storms,—
Unutterable things;
And sought unweariedly to cull
All that was wild and wonderful!

But even then, at times, would roll,
Unbidden and profoundly deep,
An awful silence o'er his soul,
That hushed all other sense to sleep.
And then he saw—too near the springs
And wild reality of things,
And only wak'd to weep
That man should be cut off from bliss,
And exil'd to a world like this!

He loved—I will not say how true,—
The faithless tongue, perchance, might lie;
He did not love as others do,
Nor cringe, nor flatter, whine nor sigh;
Look on his lowest heart, and trace,
What time can deepen, not deface.
So strongly wrought the dye,
That did her lovely image bear,
And warm and glowing stamp it there.

He loved—and does he not? ah! now,
Another worships at that shrine;
And he prefers a heartless vow,
Fond fool, where thou didst honour thine,
Now, where thou knelt, another kneels,
And from that holy altar steals
The sacred bread and wine,
Which thou hadst laboured to obtain—
To shrine thee from eternal pain.

Then from himself he strove to hide
The past, by mingling with mankind,
And left the maid he deified,
Idols elsewhere to find;
But from that sanctuary hurl'd,
He roves—an outcast on the world—
Nor ever more may bind
Rock of the past, his future stay—
The bonds that have been wrench'd away.

He stands, as stands a ruined tower,
Which time in triumph desolates;
The ivy wreath that scorns his power,
A melancholy gloom creates;
That though it shines in light while set
The summer suns—its fibres fret
The stone it decorates;
So, smiles upon his pallid brow,
But wring the ruin'd heart below.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PHYSIOLOGY.

STATURE.

THE vital principle seems to act with the greater energy, as the sphere of its activity is narrowed; which has led Pliny to say, that it was chiefly in the smallest things that Nature has shown the fulness of her power.*

The circulation is quicker, the pulse more frequent, the determinations more prompt, in men of short stature. Such was the great Alexander: never did man of colossal make, display great activity of imagination: none of them have glowed with the fire of genius. Slow in their actions, moderate in their desires, they obey without murmuring, the will that governs them, and seem made for slavery. Agrippa (says Emilius Probus, in his History of Augustus) advised that they should disband the Spanish guard, and that in its room, Caesar should choose one of Germans, "wotting well, that in these large bodies, there was little of coverte malice, and yet lesse of subtilitie, and that it was a people more minded to be ruled than to rule."

To judge soundly of the remarkable difference which inequality of stature brings into the character, compare extremes; set against a Colossus, a little man of diminutive stature; granting, nevertheless, to this last, full and vigorous health. You may guess that he is talkative, stirring, always in action, always changing his place: one would say that he is labouring to recover in time, what he has lost in space. The probable reason of this difference in the vital activity, following the difference of stature, arises from the relative bulk of the primary organs of life.

THE HEART.

Courage arises out of the consciousness of strength, and the latter is in proportion to the activity with which the heart propels the blood towards all the organs. The inward sensation occasioned by the afflux of the blood, is the more lively, and the better felt when the heart is powerful. It is on that account that some passions, for example, anger, by increasing the action of the heart increases a hundred fold both the strength and courage, while fear produces an opposite effect. Every being that is feeble, is timidous, shuns danger, because an inward feeling warns him that he does not possess sufficient strength to resist it. It may perhaps be objected, that some animals, as the turkey cock and the ostrich, possess less courage

than the least bird of prey; that the ox has less than the lion and other carnivorous animals. What has been said does not apply to the absolute, but to the relative size of the heart. Now, though the heart of a hawk be absolutely smaller than that of the turkey cock, it is nevertheless larger, in proportion to the other parts of the animal. Besides, the bird of prey, like the other carnivorous animals, in part owes his courage to the strength of his weapons of offence.

Another objection, more specious, but no better founded, is drawn from the courage manifested, on certain occasions, by the most timid animals; for example, by the hen in protecting her young; from the courage with which other animals pressed by hunger, surmount all obstacles; but particularly from the heroic valour of men of the most feeble bodies. All these facts, however, are only proofs of the influence of the mind on the body. In civilized man, the prejudices of honour, interested considerations, and a thousand other circumstances, degrade the natural inclinations of man, so as to make a coward of one whose strength is such as would induce him to brave all kinds of dangers; while on the other hand, men whose organization should render them most timid, are inspired to perform the most daring actions. But all these passions, all these moral affections operate, only by increasing the action of the heart, by increasing the frequency and the force of its pulsation, so that it excites the brain or the muscular system by a more abundant supply of blood.

THE FACULTIES.

When the mind brings together two ideas, when it compares them, and determines on their analogy, it *judges*. A certain number of *judgments*, in series, form a *reasoning*. To reason, then, is only to judge of the relations that exist among the ideas with which the senses supply us, or which are reproduced by imagination.

It is with the faculties of the soul, as with those of the body. When called into full exertion, the intellectual organ gains vigour; it languishes in too long repose. If we exercise certain faculties only, they are greatly developed to the prejudice of the rest. It is thus that, by the study of mathematics, soundness of judgment is acquired, and precision of reasoning, to the extinction of imagination, which never rises to great strength without injury to the judging and reasoning powers. The descriptive sciences employ especially the memory, and it is seldom that they much enlarge the minds of those who study them exclusively.

The most scanty languages have been formed in the most barren countries. The savage who strays along the desert shores of New-Zealand, needs but few signs to

* *Nusquam magis quam in minimis est tota Natura.*
Hist. Nat. lib. II. cap. 2.

distinguish the small number of objects that habitually impress his senses; the sky, the earth, fire, shells, the fish, that form his chief food, the quadrupeds, and the vegetables, which are but few in number under this severe climate, are all that he has to name and to know; accordingly, his vocabulary is very small; it has been given to us by travellers in the compass of a few pages.

A copious language, one capable of expressing a great variety of objects, of sensations and of ideas, supposes high civilization in the people among whom it is spoken. You hear complaints of the perpetual recurrence of the same expressions, the same thoughts, the same images, in the poetry of Ossian; but living amidst the barren rocks of Scotland, the bards could not speak of things of which nothing, on the soil they inhabited, could supply them with the idea. The monotony of their languages was involved in that of their impressions, always produced by rocks, mists, winds, the billows of the iresful ocean, the gloomy heath, and the silent pine, &c. The repetition of the same expressions, in the Scriptures, shows that civilization had not made the same progress among the Hebrews, as among the Greeks and Romans.

To think is only to feel: and to feel is, for us, the same as to exist: for, it is by sensation we know of our existence. Ideas, or perceptions, are either sensations, properly so called, or recollections, or relations which we perceive, or, lastly, the desire that is occasioned in us by these relations. The faculty of thought, therefore, falls into the natural subdivision of sensibility, properly termed memory, judgment, and will. To feel, properly speaking, is to be conscious of an impression; to remember, is to be sensible of the remembrance of a past impression; to judge, is to feel relations among our perceptions; lastly, to will, is to desire something. Of these four elements, *sensations, recollections, judgments, and desires*, are formed all compound ideas. Attention is but an act of the will; comparisons cannot be separated from judgment, since we cannot compare two objects without judging them; reasoning is only a repetition of the act of judging; to reflect, to imagine, is to compose ideas, analyzable into sensations, recollections, judgments, and desires. This sort of imagination, which is only certain and faithful memory, ought not to be distinguished from it.

THE PASSIONS.

It is to avoid extreme wants, of which a vigilant foresight perceives afar off the possibility—it is to satisfy all the factitious wants which society and civilization have created, that men condemn themselves to

those agitations, of which however, reputation, wealth, and power, are the uncertain aim. Our passions have not yet been analyzed with the same care as our ideas: no one has yet duly stated the differences there are, in respect to their number and energy, betwixt savage man, and man in the midst of civilized and enlightened society.

All passions spring from desire, and suppose a certain degree of exaltation of the intellectual faculties. The shades of the passions are infinite; they might be all arranged by a systematic scale, of which indifference would be the lowest gradation, and maniacal rage the highest. A man, without passions, is as impossible to imagine, as a man without desires; yet we distinguish as passionate, those whose will rises powerfully towards one object earnestly longed for. In the delirium of the passions, we are for ever making, unconsciously, false judgments, of which the error is exaggeration. A man recovering from a seizure of fear, laughs at the object of his terror. Look at the lover whose passion is extinct: freed at last from the spell that enthralled him, all the perfections with which his love had invested its objects are vanished; the illusion has passed away; and he can almost believe that it is she who is no longer the same, while himself alone is changed: like those maniacs who, on their return to reason, wonder at the excesses of their delirium, and listen, incredulously, to the relation of their own actions. The ambitious man feeds on imaginations of wealth and power. He who hates, exaggerates the defects of the object of his hatred, and sees crimes in his lightest faults.

The effects of the passions are not, for their uniformity, the less inexplicable. How, and why does anger give rise to madness, and to sudden death? How does fear determine paralysis, convulsions, epilepsy, &c.? Why does excessive joy, a sense of pleasure carried to extremity, produce effects as fatal, as sad and afflicting impressions? In what way can violence of laughter lead to death? Excess of laughter killed the painter Zeuxis and the philosopher Chrysippus, according to the relation of Pliny. The conversion of the reformed of the Cevennes, under Louis XIV. was effected by binding them on a bench, and tickling the soles of their feet, till, overpowered by this torture, they abjured their creed; many died in the convulsions and immoderate laughter which the tickling excited. A hundred volumes would be insufficient to detail all the effects of the passions on physical man; how many would it take to tell their history in moral man, from their dark origin, through all their stages of

growth, in the infinite variety of their characters, and in all their evanescent shades.

MODULATIONS OF THE VOICE.

Whatever Rousseau may have said, in his Dictionary of Music, singing may be regarded as the most natural expression of the emotions of the soul, since the least civilized nations so use it in their songs of war and love, of joy and mourning: and as every affection of the mind modifies in some way the voice, music, which is only imitated song, can, by the aid of sounds, paint love or rage, sadness or joy, fear or desire, can produce the emotions of these different states, can thus sway the course of our ideas, and direct at pleasure the operations of the understanding, and the acts of the will. Of all the instruments which this art employs, the vocal organ of man is indisputably the most perfect, that from which the most varied powers may be obtained. Who is there that knows not the property of the human voice to lend itself to all accents, and to imitate all languages? I will observe, on the occasion of song, that it is especially consecrated to the expression of tender sentiments or movements of passion, and that it is turning it aside from its natural or primitive destination, to employ it in situations where no emotion can be supposed. It is this that makes the recitative of our operas so intolerably tiresome, and throws such indelicacy over dialogues where the speakers converse singing, on the most indifferent matters. Languages abounding in vowels, are thereby fitted to song, and favour the growth of musical genius. It is perhaps their smooth and sonorous language that has given to the music of the Italians, its superiority over that of other countries. The declamation of the ancients was much more removed than our own, from the common tone of conversation, approached nearer to music, and might be noted like real song.

TEMPERAMENTS.

If the heart and the vessels which carry the blood through every part, are of predominant activity, the pulse will be sharp, frequent, regular, the complexion ruddy, the countenance animated, the shape good, the forms softened though distinct, the flesh of tolerable consistence, moderate plumpness, the hair fair and inclining to chesnut; the nervous susceptibility will be lively, and attended with rapid *susceptibility*, that is to say, that being easily affected by the impressions of outward objects, men of this temperament will pass rapidly from one idea to another; conception will be quick, memory prompt, and the imagination lively.

The physical traits of this temperament are to be found in the statues of Antinous and the Apollo Belvidere. Its moral phy-

siognomy is drawn in the lives of Mark Antony and Alcibiades. In Bacchus are found both the forms and the character. But why seek amongst the illustrious men of antiquity, or among its gods, the model of the temperament I have been describing, whilst it is so easy to find it among the moderns? No one, in my opinion, exhibits a more perfect type of it than the Marshal Duke of Richelieu, that man, so amiable, fortunate and brave in war, light and inconstant, to the end of his long and brilliant career.

Inconstancy and levity are, in fact, the chief attribute of men of this temperament; good, generous, feeling, quick, and impetuous. In vain he whom nature has endowed with a sanguine temperament, will think to take fixed and lasting likings, to attain, by profound meditation, to the most abstract truths; mastered by his dispositions, he will be for ever driven back to the pleasures from which he flies, to the inconstancy which is his lot; more fitted to the brilliant productions of wit, than the sublime conceptions of genius.

If sensibility, which is vivid and easily excited, can dwell long upon one object; if the pulse is strong, hard, and frequent, the sub-cutaneous veins prominent, the skin of a brown, inclining towards yellow, the hair black, moderate fulness of flesh, but firm, the muscles marked, the forms harshly expressed; the passions will be violent, the movements of the soul often abrupt and impetuous, the character firm and inflexible. Bold in the conception of a project, constant and indefatigable in its execution, it is among men of this temperament we find those who in different ages have governed the destinies of the world; full of courage, of boldness and activity, all have signalised themselves by great virtues or great crimes, have been the terror or admiration of the universe. Such were Alexander and Julius Caesar, Brutus, Mahomet, Charles XII., the Czar Peter, Cromwell, Sixtus V., Cardinal Richelieu.

As love in the sanguine, ambition is in the bilious the governing passion. Observe a man, who, born of an obscure family, long vegetates in the lower ranks: great shocks agitate and overthrow empires: actor, at first secondary, of these great revolutions, which are to change its destiny, the ambitious hides from all his designs, and, by degrees, raises himself to the sovereign power, employing to preserve it the same address with which he possessed himself of it. This is, in two words, the history of Cromwell, and of all usurpers.

The portrait of Justice in the house of a certain Judge.

*In what, great Jove, have I perform'd amiss,
To be exposed in such a house as this?*

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANECDOTES OF MONKEYS.

From a late English publication.

WHEN Lord Howe commanded at Gibraltar a party of his officers, were amusing themselves with whiting-fishing at the back of the rock; but were disturbed and obliged to shift their ground, from being pelted from above, they gained a station where they caught plenty of fish. At this time the drums beat to arms, on some unexpected occasion, and the officers rowed their boat ashore, and left it high and dry upon the beach, hurrying where their duty called them.

"On their return, their surprise was excessive to find their boat beached, not half so high as they left it, and at some little distance from its former position. Their amazement was increased, on examining their tackle, to find some hooks baited, which had been left bare, and to see the disposition of many things altered. The cause was afterwards explained. An officer of Hanoverian grenadiers, who was amusing himself with a solitary walk, happened to be a close observer of animal and vegetable nature. This man, hearing the chatter of monkeys, stole upon a party of young ones, who were peltng the fishers from behind some rocks. While they were so employed, arrived two or three old ones who drove the youngsters away, and then remained behind secretly observing the proceedings of the whiting-fishers.

"The fishers having beached their boat and retired, the monkeys apparently deemed the time was come for turning their observations to account. They accordingly launched the boat, put to sea, baited their hooks, and proceeded to work. Their sport was small, as might be anticipated, from the impatient nature of the animals; but what few they caught, were hauled up with infinite exultation. When they were tired they landed, placed the boat (as nearly as they could) in her old position, in the friendly spirit on which I have before remarked, and went up the rock with their game."

"The small pox having spread fearfully amongst the monkeys of South America, Dr. —, secretary to the Bloomsbury-street vaccination society, was struck by the idea of arresting its further progress. Vaccination was of course to be the means of staying the plague, and his scheme for its introduction was singularly ingenious. He vaccinated two or three boys, (whom he first bound, hands and feet,) in the presence of an old baboon, who was observed to be closely attentive to his proceedings. He then left him alone with a young monkey, depositing a guarded lancet and some of the

matter upon the table. I need scarcely add that he placed himself in ambush in a neighbouring room, for the purpose of watching his operations. These were very scientifically conducted. The old monkey threw the young one, bound him, and inoculated him with all the skill of a professor.

"The usual effects followed. Other steady monkeys were thus instructed in the art, after having been themselves previously inoculated, and several are (it is said) now sending out to South America, provided with all necessary means for spreading the beneficial infection. May the attempt succeed, and men and monkeys, throughout that extensive continent, have cause to bless the name of England !

"Now the things which most distinguish man from beast, are man's exclusive use of clothing* and weapons, and management of fire; yet here we see monkeys adopting two of the habits, which are supposed to be peculiar to man; and my next anecdote will show monkeys exercising the other.

"I was promised a private exhibition of these beasts by a showman in a country village. On approaching the covered cart, I was alarmed at finding it lighted, and reproached the master with having made his exhibition public. In this, however, I did him wrong. He assured me that the light was only to keep his monkeys quiet, who would otherwise disturb the whole village with their cries; and in fact I, on entering, found four monkeys seated round a table, with a farthing candle upon it, as if for the purpose of conversation.

"The alarm of these monkeys in the dark is another curious fact, though people, who have studied the habits of animals, know that the young of these are as instinctively subject to causeless fear in darkness as children themselves; and I was once or twice thrown on my face, in crossing a heath at night, by a Newfoundland puppy, who howled and ran between my legs for refuge at the sight of every prominent object, more especially if it was white."

"In one of the old border peels lived a monkey, who, for a monkey, might be deemed of a very phlegmatic constitution, for his principal gratification was sleeping in the sun on the spacious flat of the tower, in the exclusive possession of which he was however sometimes disturbed. His enemy was a raven, whose petulance would have been intolerable to any but a Scottish monkey. Pug, however, dissembled his rage, and watched his opportunity.

"He took some sausages which he found lying in the scullery, and with them made himself a necklace, with a long string hanging down in front, such as that to which ladies often fasten a cross. He strutted

about the leads for some time, as if proud of his ornament, with a switch in his hand, which appeared to have been taken up in order to complete his equipment. At last he seemed tired of this display, laid himself down at full length, and closed his eyes.

We extract the following description of the famous Beau Nash from "Letters from the west of England":—

Of a verity, this same Nash was as complete a despot as an African fiend of Ashantee. When the Duchess of Queensberry appeared at the dress-ball in an apron, he deliberately commanded her to take it off; observing, as he threw it to the attendants, that there was no regulation by which housemaids were admitted to the balls. And when the Princess Amelia applied to him for one more dance after eleven o'clock, he refused, —assuring her, that the laws of Bath were, like those of Lycurgus, unalterable.

The influence which this firmness, in his government, gave him, in the little world of Bath, was unbounded; and Nash took care to preserve and increase it by a considerable affectation of splendour in his dress and equipage,—aware that external appearance has a powerful and visible effect on the greatest part of mankind,—the weak and the proud, namely; and that the wise and the good are not quite insensible to it. Consistently with this just view of human nature, his house was richly furnished; his chariot was drawn by six grey horses; several persons, on horseback and on foot, attended him, bearing French-horns, and other noisy instruments. His own dress was the very acmé of fashionable absurdity, and his head was usually decorated with a *white hat*. He was certainly a dandy of the very first curl; and, without any sterling mental qualifications, he ruled the flower of British fashion with glorious success:—a sure proof, by the way, that the insects which buzz in the glare of worldly frivolity may be awed into subjection, even by—a monkey.

Nash, like all other conceited persons, had a wonderful opinion of his own wit and talents; and, by way of displaying them to his admiring dependants, he had the following rules (written by himself) posted in all the places of public amusement. Coarse and impudent as they are, they would not, perhaps, be wholly unserviceable in some of our metropolitan assemblies.

Rules by general consent determined.

That a visit of ceremony, at coming to Bath, and another at going away, is all that is expected or desired by ladies of quality and fashion—except impertinents.

That ladies coming to the balls, appoint a

time for their footman to wait on them home—to prevent disturbance and inconvenience to themselves and others.

That no person take it ill that any one goes to another's play or breakfast, and not to theirs—except captious by nature.

That gentlemen crowding before ladies, at the ball, show ill manners; and that none do so for the future—except such as respect nobody but themselves.

That no gentleman or lady take it ill that another dances before them—except such as have no pretension to dance at all.

That the elder ladies and children be content with a second bench at the ball—as being past, or not come to perfection.

That the younger ladies take notice how many eyes observe them.—N. B. This does not extend to the *Have-at-alls*.

That all whisperers of lies and scandal be taken for the authors.

That all repeaters of such lies and scandal be shunned by all company—*except such as have been guilty of the same crime.*

Nash, like many other heroes, died in poverty, and unlamented. The great, whom he had served with such devotion, rewarded him—as they usually do the minions of their pleasures—by deserting him in the hour of need. Sickness attacked him; and poverty stared him in the face. These were evils against which he had provided no defence, and, therefore, they fell upon him with double weight. Sorrow and distress clouded the evening of his days, and reflection came too late for any other purpose, than to display to him the disconsolate situation of that man, when he approaches his end, who has spent his whole life in the pursuit of pleasure and the service of folly. He died in 1761, aged 83,—and was buried at the expense of the corporation, with great pomp and circumstantiality.

During his life, a marble statue was erected in the Pump-room, and placed between the busts of Newton and Pope; and, after his death, a monument was erected to his memory in the Abbey, with an eloquent though somewhat flattering inscription, by the celebrated Dr. Harrington. Under the inscription is cut, in marble, the arm of Death, striking his dart at a falling crown and sceptre; with the motto—

"Æquā pulsat manu!"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

JAMES G. BROOKS,

Editor and Proprietor, No. 4 Wall-street, New-York
Subscriptions received by G. & C. Carvill, 127 Broadway—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post-office to the editor.

Terms—Four dollars per annum, *payable in advance.*

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.